

THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

outraged parent, tolerant, patient,
long-suffer-
ing, had at last avenged herself on
her rebellious offspring, on those men who,
for the sake of sycophancy had lost their
manliness,
on these women who, to gain the
withered
laurels of fashion, had renounced for
themselves
the holy halo of maternity.

It was on a bright November
morning that
I last left Simla *en route* for Delhi.
Never
before had I remained at the
summer capital
so late in the year, always had I left
before the
gay plumaged birds of fashion had
migrated
south for their winter quarters and
the Mall did
indeed present a dismal appearance,
peopled
mainly by staggering coolies bearing
on their
backs cruelly heavy packs, but not
heavier
than the weights borne by many a
human
heart at the season's wane. No hill
in the
world sees the dawn and decay of so
many
human hopes as the Himalayan Hill
of Simla,
Oh the girls I have seen arrive
bright-eyed
and fresh and eager at the dawning
of the
season, their smiles and their

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